

## MISS SABRINA FAIR.



ABRINA, this is Mr. Oaks—Mr. Oaks, my daughter," said Mrs. Fair. The young man, who was paying his first call on his neighbors, whose acre of land adjoined the western border of his immense farm, could hardly repress a smile.

Plain as he looked, he had read more than most of the folk in Longbridge, and knew Milton by heart.

"Sabrina fair, listen where thou art sitting, under the grassy, cool, translucent waves, In twisting braids of lilies knitting the loose train of thy amber-dropping hair."

he silently quoted from "Comus." Aloud he said:

"Yours is quite a striking name, Miss Fair."

"Well," Mrs. Fair said, "I always did hate Jims and Johns and Marys and Sallys, and I wanted something extra for my first girl. Just then we had a doll-fair at the church, and the minister's wife, Mrs. May, named the dolls."

"There was one lovely doll, and some one said: 'Why, her hair is amber-colored.'"

"I'll name her Sabrina, then," said Mrs. May.

"It struck me as a lovely name, and I had my baby christened by it. It's a Bible name, I suppose, as the minister's wife chose it. She had Ruth, and Naomi, and Rebecca, and lots of others."

Young Oaks said: "Ah, yes, naturally!"—and Mrs. Fair went on:

"Sabrina's hair is sort of amber-colored, too, if you notice."

"Who could help noticing it?" asked the farmer. Sabrina tossed her head and gave Mr. Oaks a haughty look.

From that moment she spoke only when addressed, and then in monosyllables.

"Oh, mamma, how could you!" she

and only said "ah!" "yes" or "no," when common civility obliged her to do so.

Oaks understood her very well; he knew she was neither stupid nor shy. "She was taking airs," she wished to drive him away.

Every one knows that the ordinary man is only led on by the thought that a woman is running away from him. Oaks was not superior to his sex in general. He pretended not to notice, talked to the mother, looked at the daughter, made the latter very acceptable offerings of fruit and vegetables, and bided his time.

Robert Oaks was obstinate—so was Sabrina Fair. By slow degrees she began to see that he was very fine looking, to know that he had educated himself very thoroughly, and to discover that he had a good disposition. She secretly wished that she had not begun to treat him with contempt, but, having begun, she went on to the bitter end. Silence had failed, she began to use sarcasm, bitter speeches, contemptuous remarks.

He took them good-humoredly, and once said to her mother:

"I had no idea that Miss Sabrina was so witty."

"When a man is in love with a woman, she can't do anything wrong," Mrs. Fair said one night, as Sabrina lay at her side in the darkness. "And when he is not, she can't do anything right."

"The next compliment Robert Oaks pays me, I'll slap him in the face," Sabrina said.

"I believe you capable of it," said Mrs. Fair.

In a moment more Sabrina heard her crying softly.

"Why, mamma!" she said.

"If you really knew how bad things were Breny," the elder woman answered, "I don't believe we can get along three months more—I do not; and there's plenty for both of us offered—and such a man! And you haven't another beau—oh, Breny."

Breny pretended to be asleep. Secretly, she was repenting bitterly.

By this time she knew that her mother only said what was true about Robert Oaks; but, nevertheless, she refused to come into the parlor at all when next he called.

eggs to be found on the Oaks place without much searching.

By degrees Sabrina grew bold. Her heart no longer palpitated with fear when she drew away the pallings and slipped through the aperture into Farmer Oaks' hencoop.

"I'll get a good roaster for Sunday, mamma," she said one day, "if you're not tired of chicken."

"I like poultry better than meat," the unsuspicious lady replied. "It's a shame you should part with your jewelry, though."

"Oh, earrings are out of fashion, you know," said Sabrina.

Her mother did not ask of whom her daughter bought the fowls, nor did she guess how at midnight she opened the kitchen door and hurried away to the scene of her former depredations, with a cool audacity born of success in evil-doing.

In ten minutes she had a fine speckled hen in her basket, had pocketed six eggs, and was stooping to creep under the fence, when a voice behind her said:

"Poultry isn't worth much, to my mind, without proper fixings. I've got the basket all ready for you. The things are fresh, anyway. The cranberries I got over in the meadow, and there's sugar for them as well."

Sabrina Fair uttered a scream and leaped against the fence, white as a ghost in the moonlight.

Farmer Oaks stood before her; his hat on the back of his head, his hands in his pockets, smiling benevolently.

An instant more and a flood of hot tears burst from Sabrina's eyes. Never was human being so bitterly mortified before.

"Mother was almost starving," she said. "She's been sick, and there was no money. That's my only excuse."

"Why didn't you come to the fence and tell me to bring over what she wanted?" said Oaks. "The idea of your mother wanting anything I had plenty of!"

It occurred to Sabrina to look haughty, but she could not manage it. The tears fell faster than ever. Oaks drew an immaculately clean handkerchief from his pocket and wiped them away.

"Don't," he said, tenderly. "Look here, Breny, 'all of this is mine and thine.'"

Sabrina was not aware that he was quoting from the "Lord of Burleigh"; but the speech was pretty and she allowed the young man to put his arm about her waist.

"You've liked me better than you would let me see for a long while, my dear," he said. "I've loved you since the day we met."

"Tomorrow I am coming over to ask your mother when I can have you both. Sister Jessie is to be married soon, and I need a wife and a mother-in-law—and there's no woman in the world I could love but you." Then he kissed her, picked up his burdens, and led the way under the fence, Sabrina following meekly.

When Oaks had gone away, leaving the baskets on the kitchen floor, she stood looking after him until she heard her mother calling downstairs:

"Breny, what are you sitting up so late for?"

"I've been to take a moonlight walk, mamma," Sabrina replied.

"At this time of night—are you crazy?" Mrs. Fair inquired.

"Oh, I had an escort," Sabrina replied. "Mr. Oaks was with me."

"I do believe you have come to your senses at last," cried Mrs. Fair ecstatically.

"Yes'm, I have," was her daughter's answer, "and I'm awfully happy, mamma."

### FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

It is hard to see the logic of a situation when some other fellow is occupying it.

Poets are born, not made. The present state of the market wouldn't warrant their manufacture.

The Sultan of Turkey has declared himself a reformer. Every wicked thing but his own harem must go.

"Papa, what's twins?" "Two children of the same age of the same parents." "Why, I thought they was a philopena."—Harper's Young People.

The man best qualified to enjoy the honeymoon is the one who had all the romance kicked out of him before he reached that period.—Tammany Times.

Scientists are trying to find what the effect of a temperature of 400 below zero would be on iron. The man who attempted to kiss a Boston girl might tell.—Minneapolis Journal.

### TRUTH.

There is little or no patriotism in politics.

Stinginess always pinches its owner the hardest.

The devil has various bait to catch different fish.

The theater hat in front causes lots of back talk.

Our neighbors are those who need our help most.

Sin is never able to buy anything but a shoddy coat.

You will find every candidate is a friend of labor.

Love may never die, but it gets awful sick sometimes.

Never denounce vice in a way that will advertise it.

Some people marry bad luck, and others inherit it.

Divorce, like the potter, commences with family jars.

It takes more than a coat of paint to make a lie white.

The ox never gets his horns broken in good company.

The man who loses is never accused of not playing fair.

After the dark night we appreciate better the bright day.

It's a cross-grained wife that will scold in a new bonnet.

Heaven isn't reached by the narrow-gauge road of selfishness.

Creed is about the first thing to get off its knees after a revival.



"POULTRY ISN'T WORTH MUCH."

cried, when their guest was gone. "Telling a young man to notice my hair—and about my name. I know he thought it queer, for his mouth went up at the corners."

"I know he admired you," said Mrs. Fair. "Sabrina, don't be a goose; we are as poor as we well can be and live, and here is a fine young man who was struck at first sight. Everybody speaks well of him. The farm is all his own; he has no one but a sister, who is engaged to be married. Such a chance for you, and here you are turning up your nose at him already."

"Well, mamma," the girl replied, "I can't help it. You made me angry, and he made me angry, and I shall just hate him from now on. Besides, he evidently thinks I am anxious for his attentions. I'll show him I'm not; I have a little pride. 'Who could help noticing it,' indeed! and he stared at me as if I was a calf offered for sale."

"I think it was quite an elegant compliment," said Mrs. Fair.

"I do not," said Sabrina. "He had no right to pay me compliments the first time he saw me."

"Such a high character people give him," said Mrs. Fair. "I think he's fine looking, too, Breny."

"He's not!" the girl replied. I don't want to marry a farmer, anyhow; I like the city. I shall choose a doctor or a lawyer, or something like that."

"The worst of it is, the men choose us; we have only yes or no to say," sighed Mrs. Fair. "And whoever comes here, Breny? Do you want to be an old maid?"

"Just as soon as not," Sabrina answered, tossing her small head. "Anyhow, I'll never take any notice of Mr. Oaks."

She kept her word. Young Oaks, who had fallen in love with her at first sight, called constantly, warmly welcomed by Mrs. Fair. Sabrina was obliged to go into the parlor on these occasions, but she sat by the window and crocheted,

That day Robert held out both hands to Mrs. Fair as he said good-bye.

"I suppose I might as well stay away," he said. "I think I must give up an idea I had of making friends with Miss Sabrina."

Mrs. Fair was too forlorn to deny the truth.

"I appreciate you, Mr. Oaks," she said.

"Thank you," he replied, and was gone.

Weeks passed, he did not call again, but secretly he still watched and waited, expecting some recall from Sabrina.

He did not know that in order to keep the cottage a little longer the Fairs were living on bread and molasses and rye coffee. Such diet did not agree with Mrs. Fair—she fell ill.

The doctor came and ordered wine and chicken broth. Sabrina walked into the village that afternoon and sold a pair of earrings to the jeweler and bought the wine. As for the chicken, she had a plan. Sabrina was a queer creature, and I am sure that when I tell my readers what she intended to do they will be quite certain that she was destitute of moral principle.

Sabrina Fair intended to steal those chickens, and to steal them from Mr. Robert Oaks.

The great, clean, well-appointed coops were close to the cottage garden, and by loosening a paling she could easily slip in.

At midnight she set out upon her errand, cloaked and veiled, as she believed, beyond recognition.

Trembling with agitation, she grabbed a rather small and skinny little hen, and stumbled home with it, turning faint as she reached her doorstep.

However, the chicken broth did her mother good, and she explained that she had sold her earrings, giving Mrs. Fair an idea that a fabulous price had been paid for them; and from that time the two women lived on chickens and fresh eggs. There were always a few

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